

# Dylan

## Marian Mereba

â€œ

He was in the back.  
He made music with his hands  
And then I told him I did too  
Followed through...  
Played him some Dylan.

There's some things you just can't deny  
The summer said the sky was crying  
From time to time but when it tried  
It's spring time and it feels so pretty

I can't deny my buzz off you  
I'm drunk off of your sweet delight  
Tipsy off of your aura blue  
And yellow mist inside of you

He was in the back  
He made music with his hands  
And then I told him I did tooâ€“followed through  
Played him some Dylan

Love within dispayed  
We made music with our hands  
And I told him I was cool  
Beautiful... Beautiful stranger...

And as I dove into his masterpiece  
Observing every word  
Measured first melody  
Feeling perplexed by the complexityâ€“the rythm  
I must confess: you see, a hex on me he's putting  
Soft as pudding, legs jelly from the thought of him

Belly full of butterflies, ajaw of him  
If I set him free, will I see him go?  
If I tell him 'stay' will we ever grow?  
I think we'll never know.

Cause

We're never having time to love  
To busy writing songs about it  
And I could never be your world  
Until I have been all around it

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He made music with his hands  
And then I told him I did tooâ€“followed through  
Played him some Dylan

Love within dispayed  
We made music with our hands  
And I told him I was cool  
Beautiful... Beautiful stranger...

Wrote a song for my love like Dylan  
Wrote a song for my love like Dylan  
Played the guitar like Dylan...

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Love within dispayed  
We made music with our hands  
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Lyrics Submitted by Jesse DABO